



One They Call the Black Mage



black

mage

fantasy

17 0 2

Chapter 1 by Lord Darkness Servant

Alone, in the citadel's classroom. He began to toss a pencil into the air. Wondering when there will be another class room discussion. There hasn't been a class in years. He went back and forth to the citadel's library reading books about various science topics and literature during all these years. He wandered over to the library to read upon Astrophysics.

"Why isn't anyone here learning with me!?" Bellowed the Black Mage.

A creak from the back corner emerged. "Aw, why isn't the Black Mage." Responded the voice from the corner.

"Yes?" Said Black Mage.

"Oddly wonderful to hear your voice once again, the town outside has been worried upon your where about." Said the Librarian.

"Why would they care? I'm just a black mage, everyone seems to prefer being with white mages. Since they control their well being with purity, even though unholiness will come once again, it seems to be a continuing cycle of replenishment." Said Black Mage.

"You're right. That's why I'm keeping people away from you and your knowledge. I want you for myself." Said the Librarian.

"Aw, I see... Why do you want to know about the dark arts?" Asked Black Mage.

"How can you handle it?" Asked Librarian. [See more of Story Wars](#)

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"How come people strive for that?" Asked the Librarian.

"They only listen to what they want to hear and what they want their children to be, and push away of what their nature is." Said Black Mage.

"This conversation remains absent." Said Librarian.

"Such as darkness, farewell." Said Black Mage.

"Continue to study!" Shouted Librarian.

"As always." affirmed Black Mage.

He walked into his quarter room, and set his book aside unto his end table. Laying in bed, wondering why people are looking for him. Itching his head carelessly. Taking a sip of lemon water, he decided to go to the window sill and took out his telescope. Looking over to the sanctuary of white mages, he noticed there was a girl being greeted by a white mage, who may it be? Closing to his telescope he wandered over to bed and shoved the telescope underneath his bed, it was time to call it a night.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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